

That which weeping ones were saying
Eighteen hundred years ago,
We, the same weak faith betraying,
Say in our sad hours of woe.
Looking at some trouble lying
In the dark and dread unknown,
We too often say with sighing,
Who shall roll away the stone?

Thus with care our spirits crushing,
When they might from care be free,
And, in joyous song outgushing,
Rise in rapture, Lord, to Thee;
For, before the day was ended,
Of we had with joy to own,
Angels have from Heaven descended
And have rolled away the stone.

Many a storm-cloud hovering o'er us
Never sheds on us its rain,
Many a grief we see before us,
Never comes to give us pain.
Off-times in the feared to-morrow
Sunshine comes, the cloud has flown,
Ask not, then, in foolish sorrow,
Who shall roll away the stone?

Burden not thy soul with sadness,
Make a wiser, better choice;
Drink the wine of life with gladness,
God doth bid the man rejoice.
In to-day's bright sunlight basking,
Leave to-morrow's cares alone,
Spoil not present joys by asking,
Who shall roll away the stone?

PETER RAYMOND'S SON.

A STORY FOR ALL FATHERS.

Twenty years ago, Peter Raymond owned a hard, stony farm, eighteen miles from Hartford. One September evening, about 9 o'clock, he suddenly recollected that he had left his bridle hanging on a bar-post by his sheep barn, when he turned his old white mare in the pasture that afternoon. He sprang over the wall and struck out across lots, hoping to secure it before any greedy mawed bovine should make it forever useless for bridal purposes. As he drew near the barn he thought he heard voices inside. What any one should be there for he could not conjecture. He stepped as lightly as he could on the unmowed rowen, and slipped in behind the big door, which was standing ajar, and listened.

Philip, his eldest son, was there, and Clinton Dexter, a son of the man at whose house he had been to call. The lads were about of an age—both nearly 15. Philip was talking when his father went up to the barn, but he finished what he was saying just as Mr. Raymond got into position to catch the words, and young Dexter commenced to reply. He said:

"Well, Phil, my father is just as inconsiderate as your father is. I don't think that he remembers he was ever a boy. There is scarcely a day in the year that he does not ride out—he rides morn' he used to before he was first selectman—and you may be sure that he always has something on hand to be done, just as your father does. Soon as the frost is out of the ground, in the spring, he tells me before he rides off that I may pick up stones or spread manure till it is time to milk and fodder; after that comes plowing and planting; a little later in the season he tells me to hoe corn or potatoes, or weed the garden till it is time to get up the cows, and if he is at home when I take the pigs to go out to milk, he always tells me to be sure and strip the eows clean, just as though he thought I should be lazy and dishonest enough to leave half the milk in their bags if he did not tell me so; and he would be just as likely to tell me that before a dozen visitors as any way—makes a fellow feel mighty uncomfortable, you know. In the winter I have to chop wood most of the time that I am not in school; and I don't think my father ever feels quite satisfied if I don't chop as much, and hoe as much, and plow as much as a full-grown man could do in the same time. I didn't know till the other day how it was with you, Phil. I don't wonder that your patience is worn out; I assure you that I am quite as tired of living in this way as you are."

"I hesitated a good while, Clint," Phil replied, "before I decided to speak to you about it; but I made up my mind in haying time it was the last summer that I should stay at home and help hay, and far as I did then. Father is always ready to find fault—he generally says when he gets home, 'I don't think you have hurt yourself working to-day, Philip.' And sometimes he asks me if my back aches, I've chopped so much or hoed so much; and no matter if I work as so much; and he always rises to sundown, hard as I can from his bed, to encourage me. I never hear anything more. I feel sorry to clear out on my mother's account. I love her and believe that she loves me, but if father loves me he never shows it—never speaks a tender, loving word to me. My mind is fully made up, Clint. I am going to run away; and I want to get off to-night. Never mind about your clothes—I've got shirts and handkerchiefs and stockings enough put up, and I'll divide with you until we can earn more. Last week I thought it would grieve mother, so I pretty much decided to give it up; but I got so provoked the day that father went to Hartford I determined I would go anyway. You see, here I've lived ever since I was born, within eighteen miles of Hartford, but never was there, nor in any other city. I asked father if I might go with him, last June, when he was going, and he said I couldn't go very well then, but I should go with him the first time he went after haying. Well, when he spoke of going, last week, I asked him if he was going to take me along, and he answered me pretty crabbily, 'No, sir; pretty time for you to think of going, when the hired man is gone!' I told him that I could get you to come and do the chores, and that you would be as faithful in doing them as I would be; but he would not hear a word about it. I didn't feel very light-hearted after he was gone, but I tried to brave it out the best that I

The Deaf-Blind Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."--CICERO.

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could; and I worked hard all day. That afternoon was dark and cloudy, and I got up the cows and milked them a little earlier than I supposed that I did; but I didn't think the sun was five minutes high when I got the chores done. I took the newspaper and sat down in the door, so as to be on hand to take care of the horse when father came; and I hadn't read a quarter of a column when he drove up. Well, as true as I live and breathe, after promising me I should go to Hartford with him the first time that he went after haying and then breaking his word, leaving me to feel disappointed and to work hard all day, the first he said to me was: 'What are you sitting here a-reading for? Why aren't you doing your chores?' It galled, I tell you, but I replied as calmly as I could that the chores were all done, and he said, 'Oh, ho, that is it, is it? You do the chores in the middle of the afternoon when I am gone, and then sit down and read, do you? It was so confounded cutting. If he had stuck a knife into me he wouldn't have hurt me any worse. I vowed then that I would see Hartford on my birthday, and I shall be much mistaken if I am not there to-morrow morning; and if my father sees me again for one year, he'll see more'n I think he will. I will be here at the barn at just midnight. My bundle of clothes is here now in the oat-bin. Don't fail to be on time, Clint. We must get to Hartford by sunrise. I want to get a glimpse of the city before the steamboat goes out. I don't know what the fare is to New York. I doubt if we have money enough to take us there. If we haven't we can stop at some of the landing places on the way.'

What a variety of feelings Peter Raymond had in the fifteen minutes he stood behind the barn door and listened. At first he was so utterly surprised he could hardly believe his own ears; but he took it all in; as he realized what his son contemplated doing, he was in high dudgeon; he unconsciously closed his teeth very firm and clenched his right fist tightly. He could hardly refrain from pouncing upon his son then and there, and giving him a sound drubbing, but he decided that it would be wise to hear the boys' talk and learn all their plans, and then confront them. But as Philip talked on, Raymond's teeth were less firmly closed, and then as Philip said, in a half sad tone, 'I doubt if my father loves me at all,' half a dozen different feelings strove for the mastery.

"Don't love him?" he repeated to himself, "the ungrateful rascal! Haven't I been scrubbing along as savagely as possible, and privately putting little sums into the savings bank, so that I could send him away in a year or two, and give him a better chance for an education than I ever had? Haven't I often said to my friends that he was one of the most faithful, trusty boys in the world, and that I could leave home any time, night or day, and never worry about things so long as he was there to take care of? If he does doubt my love, up to this time I have loved him and been very proud of him. I have not been very demonstrative about it, to be sure. I never thought it was wise to pet and praise children. Perhaps I have been a little too unsocial and straightforward with him. Maybe I had better not let them know that I've heard this talk about their running away; but I shall, of course, do something to prevent their going. I'll go to the house and think over what course to take."

And Peter Raymond crept away from the barn as though he were a sneak-thief, and then hurried home as fast as he could, not once thinking of his bridle. He had hardly got seated in his usual place in the big arm chair before Philip came in. Philip expected his father would say gruffly: 'It is high time you were in bed.' And so he was taken by surprise when his father said, gently: "Won't you hand me the almanac before you sit down, Philip?" Philip's mother raised her eyes from her sewing and glanced at her husband as he handed the almanac to his son. She wondered what had called forth such unusual gentleness. Raymond opened the almanac at September, and after glancing down the page, he turned to his wife and asked: 'Is to-day the third or fourth Tuesday of the month?'

"The fourth," she replied. "Tomorrow is the last day of the month." "Are you quite sure about it?" he queried. "If you are correct I am a week behind my reckoning. I've had many things crowding upon me lately. I've hardly known which way to turn first. I promised Mr. Skidmore that I would take that two-year-old heifer away that I bought of him the first of October. She must be got home to-morrow."

Philip got up to go to bed. Raymond said: "Don't hurry, Philip; I'm thinking how to get that heifer home. I believe I will take you down there early in the morning, and leave you to drive her up. It is nine miles there, but you can come back leisurely, and feed alongside the road. You'd like it as well as to stay at home and work, wouldn't you, Philip?" "Yes, sir," Philip replied in an absent-minded way. He was in a quagmire. Perhaps he had better stay at home a little longer and see if things didn't seem more agreeable to him. Maybe he had

judged his father a little too harshly. Clinton Dexter would come to the barn at midnight to meet him, and—

Philip was arrested in his cogitations by his father saying: "I have so many cares, so many things to think of, that I can hardly keep track of my children's ages. I believe, Philip, your birthday comes the 30th of September, doesn't it?" "Yes, sir."

"And so you will be fifteen years old to-morrow. Well, well, it does beat all how time flies. Fifteen years! It doesn't seem more than half that time since you were a baby. Let me see. I believe I promised to let you go to Hartford this fall, didn't I? We shall be half way there when we get to Skidmore's, and seeing to-morrow is your birthday, perhaps we had better keep on. I don't know as we have any better time to leave. We can take an early start—have breakfast at half-past five, and get off by six, and by nine, if we have good luck, we shall be there. We can stay there till three o'clock in the afternoon, and you wouldn't be late home. It will be light to-morrow evening—there is a good moon now. Well, you may as well go to bed, and get all the sleep you can. I shall call you at 4 o'clock."

Philip started the second time to go, but just as he got his hand on the latch his father said:

"Wait a minute, Philip. If you had some one to keep you company from Skidmore's and help you to drive the heifer, I wouldn't mind staying till nearly night before we left the city. Perhaps Clinton Dexter would be willing to walk up from there with you and help drive her, if he could go with us to Hartford, and spend the day. If you think that he would, and you would like to have him go, you may run over to Mr. Dexter's and tell him that if it is convenient for him to spare Clinton I would like to have him go to Hartford with us to-morrow, and walk home from Skidmore's with you in the evening. And be sure and tell Clinton, if his father consents to his going, and we will call for him as early as six o'clock."

Philip said: "Yes, sir," and took up his hat and went into the hall; but before he got to the outside door, his father called out:

"One thing more, Philip. I left my bridle hanging on a bar post down by the sheep barn, this afternoon. If you'll come back across lots and bring it up, it'll save going for it in the morning. I intended to get it myself when I came home from Mr. Dexter's, but it slipped my mind."

"Lucky thing it did," Philip said to himself, as he stepped out of the door. "If he had come around that way home and heard Clint and I talking in the barn I guess he wouldn't be in quite so gentle a mood to-night. He would have given me 'Hail Columbia' right and left; and Clint would have fared worse than I, for when his father's back is up he's savage as a tiger. Strange what has come over father to-night! I noticed that mother was surprised to see him so much more social and gentle than common."

On his way over to Mr. Dexter's, Philip had as great a variety of feelings and as great a conflict with them as his father had while standing behind the barn door; but before he got there the summing up was that he was an ungrateful scamp, and that his father was all right; only he had so many cares and anxieties that it some times made him a little stern and crabbed.

Mr. Dexter was always ready to oblige his neighbor Raymond and he cheerfully gave his consent to Clinton's going. Clinton didn't know what to make of the sudden turn of affairs. As he went with Philip to the door, he whispered:

"What's up, Phil? What has happened? Has your father found out anything?"

"Not a thing—not a thing," Philip hurriedly whispered back. "You don't suppose, Clint, he'd be taking us to Hartford, to-morrow, if he had? It's all right but it's the strangest thing that ever happened—I'll tell you all about it to-morrow—can't stay long enough now."

Mr. Raymond took up a newspaper and bowed his head over it when his son started for Mr. Dexter's but if his wife had observed him closely, she would have seen that he did very little reading, and that there was a troubled expression on his countenance. He did not raise his eyes from the paper when he heard returning footsteps, but he listened very intently and he knew that Philip stole softly and hurriedly to the back end of the hall, and opened the chamber door before he came over to the sitting-room. A look of relief came into his face, and he straightened up as if a great burden had been lifted from him. He had no doubt but that bundle of clothing had been brought up from the oat bin and left on the chamber stairs till Philip should go to bed. That is what he hoped his boy would do when he asked him to come around by the barn and get the halter. He had no further fear that he would attempt to give him the slip that night.

Mr. Raymond and Philip stole up to Mr. Dexter's door for Clinton the next morning, just as the sun was peeping over the hills. It was as delightful a September morning as they could desire.

As soon as they were on the road Mr. Raymond said:

"Now, boys, you must keep your eyes open—see all that is to be seen and get all the enjoyment out of going that you can. We don't have holidays very often, and we must make the most of them when we do have them. Philip and I have worked pretty hard lately, and I guess, Clinton, that you have. I believe a play day will do us all good. I made up my mind this morning to try and leave all my cares and business behind me for once; so you need have no fear, if you talk to each other all you please, and ask me as many questions as you wish, that it will disturb me at all."

It did not escape Mr. Raymond's observation that his remarks caused the lads to glance at each other in blank astonishment, and it cut him to the quick. "What kind of a father have I been," he asked himself, "not to be able to speak a few civil and kind words to my son without having it received with such surprise! Poor boy! Wonder, pleasure, guilt and grief are all depicted in his countenance, to-day. After this, with God's help, I'll so manage that he will never doubt my loving him—never plan to run away from his father's house again."

Mr. Raymond spared no pains to have the boys enjoy their first trip to Hartford. He called their attention to everything that he thought would interest them on the way. He told them who owned such and such a farm when he was a boy; what the land was worth an acre then, and what was the market value now; who built this house and that; and pointed out where Gen. — lived till he went to college. He was no less painstaking when they got to the city. He took them past Trinity College, the State House, the High School; he pointed out the different churches, and told them who preached in them; he went with them to the Athenaeum and spent an hour with them there.

Sometimes Philip looked at his father in dumb bewilderment, and wondered if they really were in Hartford, or if it were all a dream. How social and interesting his father was! He felt as if he never was acquainted with him before. What a delightful time he should have had if he had not been planning to do so mean a thing. If his father knew it how he would despise him; he looked at him so earnestly, sometimes he was afraid that he saw guilt tinge his countenance. If he could only get up the courage he would confess the whole to his father and implore forgiveness.

Thus the day wore away, and Philip was not sorry when it was time to start for home. After Mr. Raymond left the lads to follow on with the heifer, they talked over the events of the past twenty-four hours together, and they were both very decidedly of the opinion that they had a very narrow and providential escape from committing a disgraceful act; and they both agreed, after a little discussion on that point, that they would never divulge to any human being that they had ever dreamed of running away.

It was half-past nine when Philip drove the heifer into his father's barnyard. After he had his supper his father asked him to step out to the shed and get a package that was under the wagon-seat. When he brought it Mr. Raymond opened it and took from it "Webster's Unabridged Dictionary," and sat down to his desk and wrote on the fly-leaf:

"Presented to Philip C. Raymond, on his fifteenth birthday, by his affectionate father, Philip Raymond." And then without closing the book he passed it to Philip.

Philip could bear no more. The tears that had come to his eyes twenty times during the day, and were as many times forced back, now overflowed his eyelids and ran down his cheeks. He stammered, "You are too kind to me, father. I do not deserve this."

"Don't deserve it, Philip!" exclaimed Mr. Raymond, with much apparent surprise. "I think you'd better leave that to my judgment. I should like to know what boy does deserve kindness from his father if you don't. If I had a dozen sons I could not ask them to be more faithful and industrious than you have been. There, there! don't shed any tears over it—you're tired—better go to bed as soon as you can, so as to feel fresh in the morning. If it's a good day to-morrow, we must secure that rowen."

"Thank you, father," Philip said with a quivering voice, and went immediately up stairs. If he had been a little less overcome himself he would have noticed that his father's voice was a little shaky, and if he had looked back as he passed out of the door he would have seen his father brush a tear or two from his own eyes.

Henceforth there was no lack of confidence, sympathy, and affection between Mr. Raymond and Philip; and by reason of a private interview that Mr. Raymond had with Clinton Dexter's father, Clinton's home life was much more agreeable than heretofore.

Philip always looked back to his fifteenth birthday as a remarkable epoch in his life; and he never ceased—until his aged father recently visited him, and heard him speak rather harshly to his

own little son—to marvel at the wonderful change that came over his father, himself, or both, at that time. Then his father took him aside and told him the story, and cautioned him against growing into the habit of speaking that way to his children.

"Always remember, Philip," said he, "that crustiness and harshness are no more agreeable to a child's feelings than they are to a grown person's; and they are more apt to lead one out of the right path than into it; and they never will forget love."

The Sunday Morning's Dream.

My first day of returning health, after many weeks of a severe illness, was a bright Sunday in June. I was well enough to sit at an open window, in my easy chair, and as our house stood in a pleasant garden, in the suburbs of London, the first roses of the year scented the soft breeze that fanned my pale cheeks, or revived my languid frame. The bells of our Parish church were just beginning their chimes, and the familiar sounds awakened in me an intense desire to be with my family once more a worshiper in the house of God. I took up my Bible and Prayer book, which had been placed ready on the table beside me, intending to begin to read, when the hour of the eleven o'clock service should be announced by the bells' ceasing; and in the meantime I closed my eyes, picturing to myself the shady avenue of trees, that led to our church and the throngs that were now entering it for the public worship of the day. All at once I seemed to be walking in the beautiful churchyard, yet prevented from gratifying my wish to enter the church by some irresistible though unseen hand, one by one the congregation, in their gay Sunday dresses, passed me by and went in, while I vainly strove to follow, and, except a few stragglers hurrying in, as feeling themselves late, I was alone. Suddenly I was conscious of some awful presence, and felt myself addressed by a voice of most awful solemnity, in words to this effect: "Mortal, who by divine mercy hast just been permitted to return from the gates of the grave, pause before thou enterest God's holy house again; reflect how often thou hast profaned His solemn public worship by irreverence; consider well the great privilege, the unspeakable benefit of united prayer, but by again abusing thou timest the patience of a long-suffering God, and tempt Him forever to deprive thee of that which hitherto thou hast soiled and valued." Seeing me cast down my eyes and bluish countenances glowed, the gracious being continued, in a milder tone: "I am one of those angels commissioned to gather the prayers of the saints and form them into wreaths of odorous incense, that they may rise to the throne of God. Enter now with me and thou shalt, for thy warning, be enabled to discern those among the devotions now offered which are acceptable to Him, and to see how few in number, how weak and how unworthy they are."

As he ceased speaking, I found myself by the side of the angel still, but within the church, and so placed that I could see distinctly every part of the building. "Observe," said the angel, "but these prayers which come from the heart, and which alone are acceptable and ascend on high, will soon be uttered alone. They will be more or less audible in proportion to their earnestness; when the thoughts wander, the sounds will grow more or less faint, and even cease altogether." This explained to me why the organist, though apparently playing with all his might, produced no sound, and why presently after, when the service began, the lips of many moved and all appeared attending, only a few faint murmurs were heard. How strange and awful it was to note the sort of death-like silence that prevailed in whole pews, in which it was thus evident no heart was raised in gratitude to Him.

Even in the *Te Deum* and *Gloria*, the voices sometimes sank into total silence. After the Creed, there was a low murmuring of the versicle, then, distinct and clear above all other sound, a sweet, childish voice softly and reverently repeated the Lord's Prayer. I turned in the direction of the sound and distinguished among the Parish children a very little boy, his hands clasped together, his eyes closed, his gentle face composed in reverence, and as the angel noted upon his tablet the words which fell from those infant lips, his smile, like a sunbeam, illumined the church for a moment, and I remembered the words of holy David, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise." Presently I was again reminded of a Scripture passage—the prayer of the Publican. A wretched-looking man, who, swept the crossing near the church, lounged into the center aisle during the reading of the lessons, his occupation being for the hour suspended. The second lesson was the 24th of Matthew; some verse attracted his attention; he listened with awe and more seriousness, till at length he put his hands over his face and exclaimed: "What will become of us in the day of judgment!" That prayer was inscribed on the angel's tablet. Oh! may it not stand alone, but be an awakening to better things. May God, in-

deed, have mercy upon such poor neglected ones as he, and raise up some to teach them and care for their immortal souls. After this, growing accustomed to the broken murmurs and interrupted sounds, I followed many a humble Christian through large portions of the Litany, though often while I was listening with hopeful attention, a sudden and total pause showed but too plainly the thoughts of the kneeling supplicant had wandered far away, and that he who had appeared so earnest in his devotions had become languid and silent, like the rest of the congregation.

"Thou art shocked at what thou hast observed," said the angel. "I will show thee greater abominations than these. God is strong and patient. He is provoked every day. Listen, now, and thou shalt then have some faint idea of the forbearance God continually exercises towards those who draw near to Him with their lips, while their hearts are far from Him." As the angel spoke, my ears were deafened with a clamor which would have been shocking in a public meeting, but here, in God's holy house, was awfully profane. The countenance, indeed, remained as composed and as serious as before; the lips moved with the words of prayer, but the phrases they uttered were of the world and its occupations.

"How shamefully late Mrs. Slack always comes!" said one woman, who looking over her prayer-book, saw her neighbor and a train of daughters bustle into the next pew. "What an example to set her family! Thank goodness, no one can accuse me of that sin." "New bonnets again, already!" exclaimed the last comer, returning her neighbor's glance from the next seat, ere she composed herself to the semblance of devotion. "How can they afford it! Heaven only knows, and their father owing all his dry goods bills yet. If my girls do look shabby, at least we pay our debts."

"Oh! there's Tom S.," nodded a young man to his friend in the opposite gallery; who is growing quite religious and respectable. I declare, he's been to church two Sundays running, how much longer will the devout fit last?"

These were shocking and sticking examples of irreverence; there were, happily, not many such; the involuntary wandering of thoughts were more common. I was much interested in a young couple near me, whose attention for a considerable part of the service had been remarkable. From the dress of the young man, I judged him to be a clergyman. The lady wore deep mourning. They were evidently betrothed. They read from the same book. Gradually he forgot the awful presence in which he stood; his eyes wandered from the Bible to her gentle face, and fixing them, called his thoughts away from Heaven. "How good she is," he began to say, "how attentive to her prayers as to all other duties! What a sweet wife she will make! How happy I am now to have her love!"

By this time the countenance of the girl wore an expression which showed that she felt the earnestness of his gaze, her eyelids trembled, her attention wavered, and though she looked at the book some minutes longer, she too began to murmur earthly thoughts, and I heard her say, "Oh! how he loves me, even here he cannot forget that I am beside him."

It was many moments before either of them returned in spirit to their devotions. As the service proceeded, the attention of the congregation flagged more and more; the hubbub of worldly talk increased. One man composed a letter he intended to send, and even altered whole passages and rounded elegant periods, without one check or recollection of the holy place where he stood. Another repeated a long dialogue that had passed between him and a friend the night before, and considered how he might have spoken more to the purpose. Some young girls rehearsed scenes with their lovers; some recalled the incidents of the last ball. Careful house-wives planned schemes of economy, gave warnings to their servants, arranged the trimming of a dress, or decided on the most becoming trimming of a bonnet.

To me, conscious of the recording angel's presence, all this mockery of worship was frightful. I would have given worlds to have aroused them to a sense of what they were doing, and to my comfort I saw that for the involuntary offenders, a gentle warning was provided. A frown from the angel or the wavings of his impatient wings as if about to quit a place so desecrated, recalled the thoughts of many a soul, unconscious of the breath that revived the dying flames of their devotions. Then self-blame, tears of penitence, and a bitter remorse of which those nearest knew nothing, wrung the heart shocked at its own careless ingratitude, wondering at and adoring the forbearance at the Almighty, which were concentrated thoughts and I trust more fervent prayers succeeded to this sad forgetfulness. In spite of these helps, however, the amount of real devotion was small, and when I looked at the angel's tablet I was surprised to see how little was written therein. But of three hundred Christians, thought I, assembled after a week of mercies, to praise and bless the Giver of all good,

are those few words, the sum of what they offer?

"Look to thyself," said the angel, reading my inmost thoughts; "such as these are, hast thou long been. Darest thou, after what has been revealed to thee, to act such a part again? Oh! could thy immortal ears bear to listen to the rejoicing angels before the throne of the Almighty! Thou hast wondered at the condescending mercy which stoops to accept these few faint, wandering notes of prayer and praise. Let the sinless angels veil their faces before Him in whose presence man stands boldly up with the mockery of worship thou hast seen. Remember the solemn warning, lest hereafter it be counted to thee as an aggravation of guilt."

Suddenly the sweet, solemn voice ceased. The angel disappeared, and so offensive seemed the silence and loneliness that I started and awoke. My watch pointed to the hour eleven. It must have been the stopping of the bells that interrupted my slumbers, and all this solemn scene had passed before my mind in the space of a few moments. May the lesson I learned, never be effaced from my heart, and should this account recall one wandering thought in the house of prayer, or teach any one more highly to value the great privilege of joining in the public worship of our church, it will not have been written in vain.

Egyptian Maxims.

Rev. Dr. J. P. Thompson, in his "Notes on Egyptology," in the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, gives the following maxims from the ancient Egyptians: "Do not take on airs." "Do not maltreat an inferior; respect the aged." "Do not save thy life at the expense of another's." "Do not pervert the heart of thy comrade, if it is pure." "Do not make sport of those who are dependent upon thee." "Do not maltreat a woman whose strength is less than thine own. Let her find in thee a protector." "If from a humble condition thou hast become powerful, and the first in the city of opulence, let no riches make thee proud, for the first Author of these good things is God."

"If thou art intelligent, bring up thy son in the love of God. If he is courageous and active, and increases thy property, give him a better recompense. But if the son whom thou hast begotten is a fool, do not turn thy heart away from him, for he is thy son."

Facts and Fancies.

New Bedford is said to have but one whaler left—a schoolmaster.

Parisian ladies are said to "look like pencils covered with raiment."

When is a horse not worth a shilling? When it's worth less (worthless).

"You'll build the fires or I'll be a widow," is the way the Fat Contributor's wife talks.

The only thing children can't see partially in is who gets the biggest end of the bootjack when the old lady gets mad.

A Montreal thief has been sent to jail for three months for stealing crape from the door of a neighbor where there was a death in the family.

The schoolmaster who sat down on the "business end" of a pin that had been ingeniously fixed on his chair, rose like a Phoenix.

An Indiana man picked up a wild cat in his barn in place of an Afghan. He detected the difference in the millionth part of a second.

An old lady in Detroit, hearing that American Girl was dead, remarked: "I've allus said that this right lacing would lay 'em out some day."

Miss Ida Demorest, whom the Grand Duke Alexis considered the handsomest woman in the United States, has married a Nebraska doctor.

A court in Indiana has recently decided that there is no limit to the number of persons whom a girl may sue, simultaneously, for breach of promise.

The coloring matter put on green tea in and out of China is extremely injurious to health, according to the best London doctors.

Many workmen in Canada have been thrown out of employment for this winter, and many of the new settlers are returning to England.

Four hundred out of five hundred and five prisoners in the Jeffersonville (Ind.) penitentiary are hired out on contract for a sum aggregating \$250 per day.

A bat flew into the theatre in Troy while a performance was in progress, and one of the actors shot at it, brought it down, and was uproariously applauded.

The Supreme Court of Iowa has decided that when the loser in a game of billiards settles the score, he is guilty of gambling and liable to indictment.

"He was born in Maine, but was a native of this county for the last thirty years," is the way a Texas paper winds up the biography of a deceased subscriber.

One of the Latter Day Saints has an old Milanese dancing girl for one of his wives, and Brigham Young's cook is an Italian who owns a small harem of 25 wives.

"Mother, does the Lord take the daily papers?" "No, my child; why do you ask so strange a question?" "Well, I thought he didn't—it takes our minister so long to tell what is going on."

They have found a petrified Mormon in Utah, and from the number of dents in the head, evidently made with a poker and flat-iron, it is judged that he had at least 33 wives.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Devoted to the Interests of the Deaf-Mutes of the State of New York.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.
FORT LEWIS SELINEY, Associate Editor.
HENRY WINTER SYLE, Foreign Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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Address, DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, NOV. 25, 1875.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Where is that \$10,000?

We are requested by Dr. Gallaudet to say that the statement which has appeared in the newspapers that he has been offered \$10,000 for his work among the deaf-mutes is an error and that no sum whatever has been tendered him for such work. The doctor wishes that some one would offer him the \$10,000, in order that he might be able to make more effective "The Church Mission to Deaf-mutes," with its National Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes.

We join most heartily in that wish, feeling certain that the money could be placed in no better hands nor with any one who would accomplish more for the welfare of the disabled, crippled, aged and needy deaf-mutes.

Another Correction.

We are positively informed, in looking over Bishop Huntington's appointments in the *Church Journal* for Parish visits, that he will be at Mexico in the evening of December 12th next. We stated two weeks ago that he would be here the 19th, as we supposed that such knowledge was received from a reliable source, but it seems that our informant was mistaken. This time we are sure there is no mistake as to the date of the Bishop's time of holding services here. Candidates for confirmation will, therefore, please notice that the 12th of December is the Bishop's appointment in Mexico.

The California Institution.

We have received the report of this institution for the year 1875, being its eleventh biennial. Number of pupils, (deaf and dumb) 75, (blind) 38; total, 113. The expenditures have been \$101,923.22, including the cost of the new buildings and fitting (\$27,003.01).

The ordeal of fire through which the institution has passed, is a story yet fresh in the minds of our readers. The quick and complete recovery of the institution from the disaster is a fact which speaks well for the energy of Mr. Warring Wilkinson, and an illustration of the characteristic of the man. He does not fill his report with long detail of opinion and narrative respecting the fire; he uses the space at his disposal for other and more important things, and is severely brief in his account of the calamity, summing up the practical deductions of a committee of investigation, which in addition to strong committee autographs, bears the attest of the Governor of the State. A single extract from the report will show what was to blame.

"The loss of the institution is directly traceable to its wooden roof—an instance of how very extravagant economy is sometimes. A stone edifice, costing one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, with all its valuable equipment, was destroyed, and the lives of its helpless inmates put in peril, for lack of the comparatively trifling expenditure necessary to cover it with slate."

With happy foresight Mr. Wilkinson has not failed to discern and use the advantage of the proximity of the institution to the University of California. Two pupils, one a congenital and the other a semi-mute, have for the last two years been regular attendants of the university. The former takes the regular course, the latter a special, which he has finished and has now entered upon professional life as a metallurgist. Three nutes are now studying preparatory to entering the regular course, and Mr. Wilkinson expects to have a regular professor to "coach" them through.

This plan may very nearly approximate Mr. E. M. Gallaudet's beau ideal of minimum deaf-mutism, though it must be confessed that his college is not only a tacit but a standing contrary.

But this plan of Mr. Wilkinson is

excellent. The wonder is why other institutions that have ample advantages, do not try it.

Mr. Wilkinson's chapter on Language is very entertaining; productions of his pen always are. We have room only for a few extracts.

And here I may say that the deaf-mute is a standing protest against Professor Max Muller's theory of primitive speech. That generally ingenious philologist suggests that man had a creative faculty which gave to each conception as it thrilled through his brain, for the first time, a phonetic expression, and that this faculty became extinct when its necessity ceased. I only say that the deaf-mute thinks, and his thoughts do not thrill into phonetic expression, and the numerical proportion of the class justifies the assertion that the necessity of such faculty—if it ever existed—still holds good.

Speech is not co-ordinate with, but a sequence of hearing, and if by any miracle the ears of the deaf could be opened, he would acquire speech only by the tedious and toilsome process that attends the infant's learning to talk. And so, if the story is true, when Psammethichus, the old Egyptian king, in order to arrive at the primitive language of man, secluded a child from all communication with his kind; while he may have practiced the wisdom of his day and generation, he showed how little was known of the genesis of speech, and found himself at the end of his cruel experiment with a mute on his hands.

In colloquial discourse, it is the facial expression which not only helps to convey your own thought, but indicates whether you are understood. And so Charles Lamb was wise as well as witty, when he declared that "jokes came in with candles," for what repartee could have passed when you must have felt about for a smile, and handled a neighbor's cheek to be sure that he understood it? But if jokes come, they also go, in a measure, with the light, and this is why it is dangerous to address to the blind those *jeux d'esprit* which depend for their understanding upon the play of the features. There is a noticeable, almost painful, passivity on the countenances of those who are born blind, which no culture can overcome, and which is in striking contrast with the mobile faces of the deaf and dumb.

By their nature and mode of expression, signs retain and suggest their etymology far better than spoken words, and while they are not always so terse and unpleasantly significant as at the Chinese dinner, where an English guest, pointing to a doubtful entrée, asked: "Quack, quack," but was answered by a shake of the waiter's head, and a "bow wow," nevertheless the symbols for "thinking," "feeling," "sympathy," "agreement," "love," "hate," "horse," "cow," "pig," and a thousand other signs, will always convey their derivation as long as such ideas exist. But although of so comparatively recent invention, the primitive meaning of many signs, following the fate of words, has been altogether lost, or the signs retain the memory only of some obsolete social custom. The ruffled shirt, for instance, as a conspicuous part of a gentleman's dress, is seen no more, save, perhaps, upon some conservative octogenarian of the old school, but the sign for "elegance" preserves the remembrance of a former social requirement. The sign for "President" seems to have little relevancy to the slouch head-gear of the present leader of the Republican Court, but the cocked hat in pictures of General Washington gives a clue to its meaning. The convenience of muffle has made it supplant the use of wafers, but that former method of closing epistles survives in the sign for "letter." On the other hand, it is hard to tell why a sort of whittling of the forefinger should mean "cannot." The sign for "turtle" is evident enough, but why putting one hand on the back of the other and wiggling the thumbs should stand for "charlatanism" it is not so easy to determine.

I have said that speech is the best instrument for thought commerce, but I am not prepared to admit that a very high degree of mental culture and civilization might not have been attained, had it seemed wise to the Creator to leave man without his facilities for articulate utterance. The combinations possible to manual signs are infinite, and necessity would have developed its resources to a degree little dreamed of now. But the sign language will never reach the perfection of which it is capable, from the fact that it is used simply as a stepping-stone to something else. It is the scaffolding around the structure, to be cast aside when the work to which it is adjunct is done. But in the great educational enterprise which gave it birth, it has served, and still serves, a noble purpose. Through its agency many a deaf-mute has been lifted to a higher plane of life and action, the ties of kindred have been strengthened, the demands of the present have been made known, the hopes of the future enkindled, and the soul itself prepared to meet Him whom on earth it was taught in silent but expressive gesture to address as "Our Father which art in Heaven."

An Excellent Way.

It is astonishing what little efforts will, in the aggregate, amount to. The magnitude of the income of the great express companies, is something that annually gladdens the eyes of the stockholder and periodically weighs down his pocket. Yet these millions are but the aggregate of charges on packages generally averaging thirty or forty cents. So with the postal system of the company in connection with its one, two and three cent stamps. Argument little by little, and

behold the pile!

We wish every reader and friend of the JOURNAL would lay this principle to heart, and add their mite to our subscription list. You have some deaf-mute friends, and many who are not deaf; you like the JOURNAL and wish it well. Please, then, recommend it to every one of your friends, and see that their names join our roll. It will cost you nothing to do this; you may get but a single name; but every reader sending only one, would double our subscription list and that would place it way up in the thousands. And everything will return to you in improved, varied and extra-interesting reading. Try it, friends. You will invest wisely.

Continued Success.

Mr. Thos. H. Jewell, whose success in getting subscribers was published in the JOURNAL of Oct. 21st, last week sent us an order for five more new subscribers, making in all, twenty-six since January last. Much credit is due Mr. Jewell for laboring so diligently to obtain subscribers, in addition to his arduous duties of teacher in the New York Institution. If we had a few more such live men to bestir themselves as agents, we feel certain that our subscription list might be more than doubled before the first of October, 1876. We hope all of our agents will profit by Mr. Jewell's example, and while they are thus putting money into their own pockets in the shape of commissions, they will help us to make the JOURNAL prove both a literary and a financial success.

Our New Prospectus.

We take especial pleasure in calling the attention of the public to our new Prospectus for 1876, which we publish in this week's edition of the JOURNAL. We shall follow up our platform as set forth in the Prospectus, and while we sustain the present reputation of furnishing to our readers the best deaf-mute paper in this or any other country, we shall also make it a better paper than it has ever been. We are confident that we can back the assertion which we now make, that every one of our subscribers will get more than their money's worth of good reading.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer*.

Mr. GEORGE PERIN, a deaf-mute and formerly a resident of this State, who attended school at the New York Institution for five years and was in the class taught by Mr. GAMAGE for three years, has sent \$1.50 to pay for a year's subscription to the JOURNAL. Mr. Perin has resided on a farm in Michigan for the last six years, but is now working at the cooper's trade at Mount Clemens, in that State. He is supporting a mother and sister besides himself, which shows that he is a devoted and industrious young man. He likes to hear from his native State and former comrades, and evinces his good sense by subscribing for the JOURNAL.

Mr. GEORGE, editor of the *Kentucky Deaf-Mute*, has been quite sick for some time, and for a week suffered severely, being confined to his bed, but there are now strong hopes of his recovery.

The pupils of the Kentucky Deaf-mute Institution tender their hearty thanks to the two Italian organ grinders, who have lately been regaling them with some of their beautiful music. How blessed it is to be deaf and dumb!

Dr. L. L. PEE'S *Language Lessons* have been introduced into the Virginia Deaf-mute Institution.

The Colorado Deaf-mute Institution opened with twenty pupils, and a few more are expected shortly.

Can not our Southern subscribers extend the circulation of the JOURNAL in their section of the Union?

Mr. F. M. TUTTLE, of Geneva, N. Y., one of our best deaf-mute artists, we are happy to hear, is busy with a large number of orders. Deaf-mutes desiring paintings, should communicate with him.

There are at present nearly seven hundred and fifty deaf-mutes under instruction in the State of New York alone.

The *Cave Spring (Ga.) Enterprise*, published under the auspices of the Georgia Deaf-mute Institution, has recently changed publishers, Mr. W. H. JACK retiring in favor of Mr. J. W. YARBROUGH.

In "a word to teachers," the *Goodson Gazette* remarks: "Patience unending is another requisite to success." Yes, sir, Cast iron patience is a prime requisite.

Mr. and Mrs. N. DEXTON, of Geneva, N. Y., will pass the winter among their friends in New York city. We wish them a pleasant time in the metropolis.

Drawing and painting have been introduced into the Central New York Institution.

The DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is crazy with joy for it has got "a new advertisement" for the first time, we suppose.

Advance.

We assure the *Advance* that we are pleased

ed with our new advertisement for two reasons—first, advertisements are what help to keep every newspaper proprietor from starving out, and secondly, because our patron who ordered that advertisement, as well as all the rest of our patrons, are satisfied that they get the worth of their money, which is more than a great many patrons of the *Advance* can say. As to its being our first new advertisement, our columns speak for us. But if new advertisements are apt to make publishers crazy with joy, we can safely insure the *Advance* against any attacks of over-joyed insanity from that cause.

Mr. A. ALLISON, of Concord, N. H., sends us the following items:

Mr. GEORGE KENT, of Amherst, N. H., caught, this year, between the months of May and July, five hundred trout; between the months of June and September, one thousand and seventy-five pickerel; the whole number of fish caught during the year is two thousand and forty-four. Mr. Kent is a deaf-mute, sixty-two years old and a veteran fisherman of New Hampshire.

A tramp named Delany, who had obtained money from the people of Laconia, N. H., under the pretense of being deaf and dumb, was arrested a few days since and sent to jail for three months.

Light at Last.

Years ago, while the editor of the JOURNAL was a pupil in the New York Institution, he had for a classmate, a young man whom he, his schoolmates and the teachers thought altogether too smart for a deaf-mute of his age, and school standing. When visitors entered the class-room and the teacher gave the class their names and residences with the request that they write an address of welcome, this young man never failed to have everything correct, so much so that doubts concerning his deafness, and suspicions that he was an impostor were rife. In a couple of years he left the institution.

Time passed, and recently we were traveling on the Hudson River Railroad, when the perpetual news and peanut man passed through the car. The countenance struck us as familiar, and recollection went back to our school-days and called up the person of suspected imposture. "Desirous of finding out, we went and talked on paper with the conductor in a position where he could not avoid seeing us, thinking that if he was the man we took him to be, he would come forward and talk when he saw we were deaf. He saw us, and, sure enough, came up and offered to interpret. We asked him if he ever had been to school in New York, and on receiving an affirmative answer, wanted to know if he did not recognize us, his old classmate. He did, and retaining a good command of the sign-language, sat down and gave us an account of things, rather mysterious before, acknowledging the imposture, excusing himself on the plea that all means are fair to get an education, and he was much in need of schooling at the time.

Deaf-Mute Service.

Another of those unique affairs, religious services for the deaf-mutes of this city, was held Sunday afternoon at Christ Church, by Mr. Austin W. Mann, of Flint. There was present quite a number of our citizens, who were drawn thither, some by interest in the work, and some by curiosity. Mr. Mann was recently appointed lay reader, by Bishop McCoskey, for this State, but now he acts under similar authority under five Bishops, Ohio, Michigan, Western Michigan, Ohio, Illinois, and Wisconsin. He has a congregation at Jackson, at Chicago, at Milwaukee, at Cleveland, and at Columbus. He is doing good service in behalf of the deaf-mutes, and will shortly have a respectably sized congregation of deaf-mutes in this city.—*Detroit (Mich.) Tribune*, Nov. 9, 1875.

A Romantic Story.

The following story has already been published in the JOURNAL; but as our correspondent gives us a more detailed account of the case, we republish it. Although literally true, nevertheless it contains quite a romance, verifying the oft-repeated assertion that "truth is stranger than fiction."

In the fall of 1866 there was brought to the New York Deaf-mute Institution for instruction, a young deaf-mute boy, named Joseph Shaler. He remained in school between one and two years. One day in the spring of 1868, in company with another mute boy older than himself, he took a trip by boat to the lower part of the city, to see the "big elephant." Shaler was so absorbed in his own reflections in viewing the great ships with their towering masts, and in watching the movements of the busy seamen that he wandered from his companion. When the time arrived for the boat, which was to carry them back to the institution to start, his companion could not find him and was obliged to return without him. That was the last known of Joseph Shaler.

He took the wrong boat and was carried to Boston, where he was cared for by the police officers. By some means he fell into the hands of a kind gentleman who took him to Palmer, Mass., and placed him in the Orphan Asylum.

A few years later the boy was sent to the American Deaf-mute Asylum, at Hartford, Conn. He graduated from that institution last summer. In hopes of finding employment, he returned to Palmer where he had not been for six years. His expectation was to find work in a shoe-shop, having learned the shoemaker's trade while at school. Failing in finding friends to help him procure employment, he returned to the institutions, and the steward engaged him to work for two months.

Fortunately the engraving of the

New York Institution was noticed by him in the reports of that institution. As soon as he noticed the plan of the building he recollected having been himself. He related this to Mr. Stone, Principal of the American Asylum, and a letter was written to Dr. L. L. Peet, Principal of the New York Institution. Dr. Peet remembered the name of Joseph Shaler, as that of the missing boy of years before, and as no tidings of him had ever been received, it was previously believed that the boy was dead.

Notice was immediately sent to the parents, who were overcome with joy upon receiving the intelligence that their lost boy was alive and well. His parents, who reside at Marathon, Courtland Co., N. Y., forthwith sent for Joseph, who in due time arrived at his old home, restored to his kindred and friends who had so long mourned over his supposed death. That there was rejoicing in that home the most skeptical need not doubt. What rejoicing there must have been over the lost which was found, and the dead which was now alive. In honor of his return the fatted calf was slain, and there was music and dancing. Joseph has received a new suit of clothes for his birthday present. May he and his family circle long live to enjoy each other's loving companionship, and may he always be an ornament to his society and an honor to his friends.

A Deaf-mute Letter Carrier.

TEN DAYS ON BLACKWELL'S ISLAND UNDER A FALSE CHARGE OF INTOXICATION.

George Barrucker, a deaf-mute employed as a carrier in the Post Office, disappeared on election night, and his father had photographs of him distributed through the city. The Post Office authorities interested themselves in the search, suspecting foul play. He returned to the Post Office on Saturday and told a strange story. He said that he was with some deaf-mutes in the Eighth Ward on election night, and that after the party separated he was arrested, but why he did not know. He could not bear the charge made against him in the police station, and could not make the officers understand him when he motioned to them for paper and pencil. He was locked up in a cell, and on the next morning was taken before a police magistrate. He tried to make his infirmity known to the Justice by gestures, but the officers stopped him, and he was hustled into a cell down stairs. He was subsequently taken to Blackwell's Island, and kept there for ten days. Before he was discharged he learned that he had been committed for intoxication. He denies that he was intoxicated, and the Postmaster believes him.—*New York Paper*.

A Novel Scene in Court.

Samuel H. Taylor and Wm. Richards were charged with having, on the 8th of September, stolen an opera glass, mathematical instruments, &c., valued at \$160, from Prof. E. M. Gallaudet, of the Columbia Deaf-mute College. These parties are deaf-mutes formerly pupils in the Institution. Prof. Gallaudet was sworn, and interpreted the indictment to them by signs, and by signs they pleaded guilty. The court questioned whether they knew that by pleading guilty they were rendering themselves liable to imprisonment in the state prison, and they answered by signs in the affirmative. Prof. Gallaudet explained further to the court that these parties had both been expelled from the Institution and were now about twenty years of age with no friends responsible for them. The court announced the sentence two years in the penitentiary at Albany at hard labor. This sentence was interpreted to them, when one of them became quite animated in making his signs, evidently by way of protest.—*Washington Star*.

[The decision of the court in the above case, we think, very proper and right. For, while our sympathies go out after those inexperienced deaf-mutes, it can not be denied that they had broken the laws and deserved adequate punishment. It is high time that all the deaf and dumb should realize that while the benevolence of our government guarantees to them equal rights with hearing persons, it, at the same time, makes them amenable to its laws and holds them responsible the same as other people for any violation of its statutes.—Ed.]

Runaway Girls.

Last Wednesday two girls, about 15 years of age, came to the Lewis House and asking the clerk to register them as Misses Monroe, of Groton, N. Y., inquired if any work was to be had in the village. Upon being informed that he knew of none, the girls went to their room, but later in the day were on the street seeking employment. On the following day United States Marshal Adams, of Auburn, with the Onondaga sheriff, arrived, inquiring for two girls who answered to the description of the Misses Monroe. The proprietor of the house conducted him to the young ladies' room, when Mr. Adams immediately recognized one of them as his daughter, the other being the child of a near neighbor; the two having run away some days before. It is understood that they were to have been joined here Saturday night by two Onondaga young men who had induced the girls to leave home, but the timely arrival of Mr. Adams saved them from perhaps ruin and disgrace.—*Fulton Times*.

A lady who has lost three sons by consumption writes from Hartford, Conn., to say that her only remaining child, a daughter, had been saved, she believes from a like fate by HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TAR.

Pike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.

Flannel parties are the rage in Rochester now.

Minor Topics.

The population of India, according to the census just taken, is 238,830,958.

There are about 1,000 decked vessels and 17,000 open boats, with 42,000 men, engaged in the Canadian fishery.

The well informed cotton men say the present cotton crop, if it can be gathered, will be the largest since the war.

Gen. Hawley says the citizens of Philadelphia have already given \$1,500,000 to the centennial, and that just as much more is needed to finish the work.

Dr. David Creel, probably the only surviving member of the jury which tried Aaron Burr for treason, is at present a resident of Chillicothe, Ohio, and enjoys excellent health, though over 90 years old.

The registered tonnage of the British empire now amounts to 7,533,492 tons, contained in 36,935 vessels, manned by 337,624 seamen. During the past year 1,766 new vessels were built and registered.

The old bell which called together the Virginia Convention of 1775, in Richmond, when Patrick Henry uttered his stirring sentence, "Give me liberty or give me death," is still in use in Martinsville, in that State.

The two great express companies of the United States, the Adams and the American, employ about 8,000 men, 1,900 horses, 1,200 wagons, and use 3,000 iron safes. Their agents travel more than 100,000 miles daily, or more than 32,000,000 miles annually.

A petrified forest has been discovered in the desert of Northwestern Humboldt about thirty miles west of the Black Rock range of mountains in Nevada. The centennial Commissioners are having a section cut out and prepared for the exhibition.

For the half year ending at Lady day, last, the expenditure for in-maintenance and out-door relief of paupers in England and Wales was \$11,128,790. The average of relief allowed to out-door paupers was nearly \$30 in money and \$5 in material.

Commodore Daniel Ammen, chief of the bureau of navigation, has addressed a letter to the secretary of the navy, advocating the construction of marine rams for the navy, for the destruction of armor-plated gun-bearing ships of an enemy. The ram designated will be 175 feet long.

A curious instance of post-office delays was discovered in Washington at the Bureau of Statistics, Wednesday, where a letter, dated May 27, 1869, and written by Delmar, then chief of the Bureau, was returned from the dead letter office. Where the letter has been for the last seven years and a half is a puzzling question.

The areas of the five principal buildings of the Centennial Exhibition, the Main building, the Machinery, Agricultural and Horticultural buildings, and the Art Gallery, amount to 48½ acres, or ten more acres than were provided at the exhibition at Vienna, and yet the space is all exhausted, and additional buildings will be required.

Dr. Hayes, in a recent lecture on his visit to the millennial celebration in Iceland, last summer, referred to a fact that shows how different is the civilization of that little northern island from ours. The capital, with a population of 1,700, has a jail, which, though built thirty years ago, has never had an inmate with the exception of the jailer.

Notwithstanding the law passed by Congress some years ago, the wanton destruction of game on the Western plains continues. Gov. Thayer of Nebraska says that not long ago a party of elk murderers killed one hundred elk and simply took away the hides. This, he truly adds, is indeed cruelty to animals as well as a grievous wrong to the people.

One of the centennial suggestions is to make 1876 the year of founding, at Philadelphia, a sort of American Westminster Abbey as a cemetery for the great men of the nation. The Philadelphia Press offers Fairmount Park for the place, and proposes that the remains of the famous men of America be exhumed from their various places of sepulture and removed thither, and thenceforward those who deserve well of the republic, or reflected peculiar glory upon it, be interred there.

PARISH.

The small pox continues in the neighborhood where it commenced. There are some new cases, and two more deaths. Elisha Ingraham and wife have been detailed to take care of the sick. Both of them are experienced nurses in cases of small pox. The Board of Health and the Health Officer are doing their duties promptly.

Our people are getting quite *bar-barous*. Mr. Adelbert Wells, of Watertown, has established a shop in the Harter block, and Mr. Thomas Hubbard, of Rochester, has established one at the Parish House.

Rev. O. R. Crosby, of Syracuse, lectured at the church last Tuesday evening. Subject: "The reason why Moral Progress has not kept pace with Intellectual Advancement." The speaker handled his subject ably, showing he was a man of close thought and strong reasoning powers.

Doctor Beardsley is delivering a course of lectures at the church, upon man as especially a physical being. We hear the lectures spoken of very highly, and those who have paid no attention to the subject would do well to attend. It is singular that man will not study himself. If he would, he would find himself the greatest earthly subject he could study. Last Sunday evening the Doctor lectured upon Temperance. During the lecture he gave tobacco users fits. A Christian tobacco smoker or cheever or snuffer was not a good Christian expression. He fully endorsed the sentiment of Horace Greeley, that all bad men used tobacco. It might be that some good men used tobacco, but the tendency of using it was to destroy the moral sensibilities. He denounced the use of all intoxicants, opiates, and narcotics as deleterious to man.

We have several candidates for deputy sheriff.

Parish, Nov. 22, 1875.

The time tables of the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg and Rome & Oswego railroads have changed. We have not yet received the complete tables, but the following are the times at which the passenger trains leave this depot: Going east—8:45 A. M., 2:15 and 6:45 P. M.; going west—7:29 A. M., 12:27, 4:06 and 8:12 P. M.

—Yesterday (Tuesday) we had a little more "beautiful snow."

—Come here if you want a chance; 25 cents for going with two girls—this is the price for the next three months.—*Lakeland Press*.

—George Frayne has been confined to his room for several days past by quite a severe illness. We are glad to learn that he is now on the street again.

—Rev. Mr. Hutchins, of this place, and Rev. Mr. Comfort, of Pulaski, are holding extra meetings at Holmesville, which are well attended, and there is much interest manifested.

—In the new consolidation of internal revenue collection districts, Oneida, Oswego and Madison, form one district, with James O. Kincaid, of Utica, as collector.

—The Oswego District Praying Association went to Cleveland, in this county, last Saturday. This is the first place which they visit this season. We understand that they have received urgent invitations to work in a large number of churches this winter.

—In consequence of the large number of scholars attending district school No. 7,—seventy-one being registered and four or five more expected the first part of this week—the school has been divided. A room has been fitted up in Mr. Larkin's house for school purposes, and about thirty of the younger scholars attend there, under the care of Miss Martha Whitney. Mr. Eleazer Rulison still has the senior department.

—The Cattaraugus County Republican says: A petition for the commutation of the sentence of Nelson H. Cool, convicted of the murder of Charles Wimple, and sentenced to be hung November 26th, has been extensively circulated and has been signed by nearly or quite all of the jurors, who convicted him. It is understood that should the Governor decline to commute the sentence, Cool's counsel will ask that the execution be deferred until after the trial of Mrs. Wimple, who was also indicted for the murder of Wimple. It is expected that this request will be granted.

—On Monday evening last quite a company of juveniles, and a few "children of larger growth," assembled at the residence of Mrs. Snell, in this village, to do honor to the eleventh birthday of her granddaughter, Fannie L. Thomas. The occasion was very pleasant in every respect. Fifty-five children, in their Sunday best, with faces bright with excitement and eager with the expectation of having a good time, made a sight to delight the heart of any one. Miss Fannie was the recipient of several beautiful presents, among which was a nicely bound volume, "The Story of the Bible," given by Mrs. Snell, and presented by Henry Humphries. We hope that both Mrs. Snell and Fannie may be spared to see many, many birthdays.

—A good story was told by an agent about the porter in one of the hotels in a city not far from here. He was a blundering, good-natured fellow, "Irish by trade," but very accommodating. The agent, wishing to spend the day here, asked Pat to call him in time for the early train. At an early hour he was awakened by an awful racket, and the voice of Pat shouting "Wake up, wake up! the train is gone!"

Call and get some *Bakestuff* for Thanksgiving, at the Bakery, Empire Block.

Brooklyn and Vicinity Notes.

The second invitation extended by the managers of the American Institute, to the deaf-mutes of New York and vicinity to visit the 44th Exhibition of the Institute, now open in the large commodious building on 3d avenue, between 63 and 64 streets, N. Y., was received, and Friday, Oct. 29th, was the day fixed to make the visit, but it was afterwards changed to the 5th inst., when a large number of deaf-mutes were present. The Institute is very liberally patronized, and fully maintains the national reputation it has been gathering during nearly forty-five years of arduous and constant devotion to the industrial interests of the country. The works of art, industry and science now on exhibition, are gathered from all parts of the country, and include a great deal more than can be even glanced at in a few hours.

A DEAF-MUTE RUN OVER.

Thomas Ryan, a deaf-mute, residing at 31, avenue A, was run over and killed by car No. 77 of the avenue D line, near Grand street, New York. The driver, James Leader, has been arrested.

OBITUARY.

On Wednesday, Mr. George Schenck—not Walter, as erroneously appeared in other papers—brother of Mr. William E. Schenck, was out fishing in a boat, with some friends on Flushing Creek, Long Island. About midnight the boat was accidentally upset and the occupants had to swim ashore to save their lives. Mr. Schenck was unable to swim, and his friends, who reached the shore in safety, could not render him any assistance, and therefore he soon drowned. Soon the sad news of his death was all over the village, but it was morning before his body was recovered. It was then conveyed to the coroner's office in a wagon. A jury was immediately impaneled and rendered the usual verdict: "We find that George Schenck came to his death by accidental drowning, etc." The remains were then taken possession of by the parents, and on the Sunday following, the funeral services were solemnized. Mr. and Mrs. Schenck have sustained a heavy loss in the death of this son. This is a lesson for others who may not care to have watery graves.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

The undersigned, who have for several years past been on friendly terms with Mr. George Schenck and his parents, met and unanimously adopted the following: *Whereas*, The Giver of all good, our Almighty Father, has seen fit in the infinitude of His wisdom to remove from this world of pain and suffering, our beloved friend, Mr. GEORGE SCHENCK, therefore be it

Resolved, That we extend to the bereaved parents our heartfelt sympathy for the irreparable loss they have sustained.

Resolved, That while we, as a body, deeply deplore the loss of a true friend, we fully realize that our loss is his gain, and therefore bow to the will of "Him who doeth all things well."

Resolved, That the foregoing resolutions be published in the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

WILLIAM A. BOND,
THOMAS I. GODFREY,
FRANK KLINGMAN,
HENRY ELLIOTT.

THAT PARTY AT TARRYTOWN.

The birthday party to be tendered to Mrs. Victoria Greer, on the 20th inst., will not be under the management of Messrs. O'Brien and Bond, as the arrangements have been changed—Mr. Bond has been made Floor Manager and Mr. O'Brien put at the head of the committees. The party will be under the auspices of the Sunnyside Social Club, of Brooklyn. All the members are expected to go over to Tarrytown with their usual badges.

READY FOR "MR." JACK FROST.

The Sunnyside Social Club have bought and placed in their rooms a new stove, so as to be ready for their old enemy, Jack Frost, who soon will begin to seize hold of the ears, noses, toes and fingers of the public.

PERSONALS.

Mr. N. Denton, of Geneva, who is well known among deaf-mutes, put in his appearance in the club rooms of the Sunnyside Social Club, on Sunday morning, the 7th inst. He was cordially welcomed, and he stated that he was residing only seven blocks from the rooms. He was sorry to miss our invitation ball, on Oct. 7th. Had he known of it, he would have been present. He is in good spirits. He was going in the afternoon, with some friends, to the meeting of Moody and Sankey.

Mr. Moses Heyman, who is one of the deaf-mute's favorites, and who was "laid up" at the late convention held at Watertown, came out to the American Institute, and is much improved now.

Mr. John A. Dunlap, the well-known hatter on Broadway, has been elected a member of the Sunnyside Social Club.

Messrs. William White, James Hogan and Frank Klingman, who recently withdrew from the club, have returned and are again furnished with chairs in the rooms.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The wooden wedding which was to be tendered to Mr. and Mrs. Chan. W. Van Tassel, at their residence in Carmanville, has at the request of Mr. Van Tassel, been postponed till the 25th inst. Rumor hath it that a canal boat loaded with coal, sunk at the New York Institution. The coal was intended for the institution.

The members of the Troy Deaf-mute Literary Association, will be glad to hear that Mr. H. B. Brown, their Recording Secretary, is enjoying himself immensely in New York.

In the *Wild Oats* of November 3d, there are two pictures about two deaf-mutes. The first picture is, two deaf-mutes from Patterson were going down Worth street; so was a barrel that had got away from a porter. One of the

deaf-mutes was just saying something about the probabilities of Hackett's election. [The second picture.] Then the barrel struck them and they both sat down without being asked. They will probably always believe that New York politics are humiliating.

Bishops Whipple and Garrett spoke before the deaf-mutes in St. Ann's Church, on Wednesday, Nov. 3d. The service was interpreted to the mutes by the rector.

WILLIAM ARROWSMITH.
Brooklyn, Nov. 9, 1875.

New York and Vicinity.

From our own Correspondent.

The deaf-mutes of New York city and vicinity were invited to visit the American Institute Fair on Friday night of last week. As it was a clear, moonlight night, there was, no doubt, a large number of them present. This fair is held in the city every year, to show the public what American ingenuity can achieve.

Workmen have been engaged on the exterior of St. Ann's church for the past few weeks, making repairs, etc. A new building, four or five stories high, has just been erected on the north-west corner of Fifth avenue and Eighteenth street, next door to the church, making its interior somewhat dark, so that alterations have had to be made.

Thomas Ryan, a little deaf and dumb boy, seven years of age, residing on Essex street, was run over and instantly killed by a car of the Avenue B line, while crossing the avenue on the afternoon of the 25th ult. The driver of the car was arrested.

Mr. N. Denton, of Geneva, N. Y., has been on a visit to this city. He was at St. Ann's church, Sunday afternoon, the 31st ult. Some of the readers of the JOURNAL will remember that his wife was assistant matron for several years, at the New York Institution.

Miss Carrie Bamberger, a deaf-mute young lady, formerly a pupil of the New York Institution, had jewelry worth about one hundred and ten dollars, stolen from her recently, while on a visit to Mrs. Bailey, of Newark. Mrs. B. also missed some articles at the same time. Detectives are at work trying to ferret out the thieves, but it is doubtful whether they will be trapped.

W. S. Smith, the deaf-mute traveler, was in this city a week ago. He looked hearty and well.

There have been several cases of chicken-pox and scarlet fever among the juvenile pupils of the New York Institution. They were removed to the hospital on the school grounds.

A deaf-mute lady came very near being run over by a locomotive connected with a number of cars, near Vanderbilt's Landing, one day last week. Though it was not very far from the ferry depot, the train was running at full speed. The lady was not walking on the railroad track, but just about to cross it.

It is expected that there will be a large number of the young people from the institution present at the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Van Tassel, as their residence is in the near vicinity.

There are at present three deaf-mute clerks employed at the new general post-office in the City Hall Park—Messrs. G. Ferenheim, C. S. Newell, Jr., and George Bruckner. Mr. F. is a Pole, and was educated in Prussia. L. A. W.
New Dorp, N. Y., Nov. 13, 1875.

On Wednesday, Nov. 17th, the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes, located in E. 13th St., N. Y., was open from ten A. M. till ten P. M., for a reception and sale of such articles as were given for its benefit. During the day and evening quite a number thronged the parlors, and manifested great interest in the movement. In one of the parlors Miss Bessie Gallaudet had charge of a table, and by her energy one by one the articles rapidly disappeared; while in the dining-room, a table was bountifully supplied with refreshments, which were served by Miss Virginia Gallaudet, assisted by Mr. E. B. Nelson, a teacher in the New York Institution, and who is ever ready and willing to do what he can to promote the welfare of deaf-mutes.

On the afternoon of Sunday, the 13th inst., Rev. Dr. Gallaudet held a service for mutes at St. Mary's Church, Brooklyn. Notwithstanding the threatening aspect of the weather, there was quite a large attendance. The rite of baptism was administered to an infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Lockwood. In the evening the doctor and his wife took tea at the residence of Miss E. D. Clapp.

The many friends of Mr. Moses Heyman will be pleased to learn that he has recovered from the illness which confined him to his bed for several weeks. With some friends he was staying at Alexandria Bay, while on a trip to the Thousand Islands, when he was taken suddenly ill, and they were obliged to leave him behind. He is now quite well again and certainly looks none the worse for his confinement.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Cooper, of Watertown, N. Y., are stopping for a few weeks with Miss M. Alderman, formerly a teacher in the Michigan Institution, now residing in Mt. Vernon, Michigan.

Miss Carrie Durbow, a graduate of Old Hartford, and later of the New York Institution, will spend the winter in Elizabeth, N. J., and is anticipating a visit from Miss Jennie Smith, the charming daughter of the late Amos Smith, of Boston.

Miss Nellie Franklin is very glad to be back again in New York, where she intends to remain during the winter.

New York, Nov. 20, 1875.

MISS MILLIE LUDINGTON—Will commence her Second Term in Penmanship, Tuesday, November 23. Hours from 4 to 5, and 7 to 8 p. m. Rooms at the Insurance office of Morse & Irish, on Main street. Terms: For twelve lessons in practical writing, \$1.00. German text, \$2.00.

College Notes.

The National Deaf-Mute College has been in full blast since the last of September. Seven of those who were with us last June did not return—six because they graduated, and one because he thought it more to his interest to resign. Seven new-comers appeared to take their places. Of these four, being graduates from a high class, presented themselves as candidates for admission to the freshman class.

The examination which they had to undergo proved that they did not possess the qualifications necessary for pursuing a collegiate course of study; so they were assigned to the advanced division of the Preparatory class, where they will be thoroughly prepared for entering the Freshman class next year. A large majority of these students who have entered the Freshman class during the past four or five years came from the Preparatory class here—not from high classes elsewhere. The studies pursued in that case are essentially the same. Those who come from the Preparatory class are examined at the close of the session during which they are in that class, and their examinations are generally more severe than those the new-comers undergo at the beginning of a new session. It is comparatively rare that students from the Preparatory class fail to enter the Freshman class; so thorough is the instruction they receive here. Judging from sentiments expressed by the new-comers, their disappointment at failing in their object, and being compelled to do their work all over again is, at first, bitter in the extreme; but they gradually become reconciled to their situation, and console themselves with the reflection that they would be a good deal better prepared to plunge into the difficulties of collegiate text-books. They, almost without exception, shake their fists at what they call their poor instruction they received in high classes. If their statements concerning the instruction have any foundation in fact, it is really too bad, and shows the necessity of reform somewhere.

There are 34 students in attendance now. No special efforts have been put forth to induce new students to come, owing to the present limited capacity of the college building as it stands. The building has been in an uncompleted condition for a long time. During the past summer the new part of the building has been going up. This, when finished, promises to be quite a handsome edifice. Workmen are also engaged in erecting a brown-stone terrace in front of our chapel. This will give the chapel a more imposing appearance. The wall of the new college building have reached the second floor, and there they will stop and wait until Uncle Sam kindly hands over a few more greenbacks.

Prof. Fay and Mr. Denison are now occupying their handsome new houses, which were built for the professors last spring. Prof. Fay has been a boarder about half of his life, so it is no more than fair for him to take his family where he can find more elbow-room. Mr. Denison, a semi-mute, has been for a long time connected with the Columbia Institution as teacher, and it was but two years ago that he was promoted to the principalship, leaving President Gallaudet to look after us. We are all glad to see our teachers so comfortably fixed up, for so they ought to be. They perform their duties faithfully and should therefore be well compensated.

The streets adjoining our grounds are being considerably improved. The students feel especially thankful to the Board of Public Works for erecting lamp-posts on the street which is used almost exclusively by the inmates of the Institution. Other pavements are laid down in places but little frequented by any living thing besides goats and deaf-mutes. They are making the way to the city smooth apparently for our exclusive benefit. If said Board intended it as such they have our thanks, as we still remember our frantic efforts to keep our feet dry on pavements several inches under water—"Dixie" in Kentucky Deaf-Mute.

Boston Notes.

The Boston (Mass.) Deaf-Mute Library Association, at a meeting held on Wednesday evening, Nov. 17th, removed or expelled E. N. Bowes, its late President, from membership, by a vote of 51 years to 11 years. This may be considered a strong and unmistakable expression of the estimation in which Bowes is held by the majority of deaf-mutes in Boston, especially in connection with the much vaunted New England Deaf-mute Relief Bureau, of which Bowes is the head.

The Fulton Patriot says: The name of William Wells, formerly of this town and a brother of Henry Wells, of this village, appears among the list of lost on the ill-fated Pacific, an account of which we published last week. Some two years ago Mr. Wells closed out his business and disposed of all his property in this town and went West. It is now supposed that he met his fate when the Pacific went down.

A Deaf-Mute Festival at Mexico.

A festival under the auspices of the Empire State Deaf-mute Association, will be held in the village of Mexico, N. Y., on the evening of December 29th next. Dr. Gallaudet will hold a service for deaf-mutes in Grace Church at 7 o'clock P. M., at which time candidates will be received for baptism. At the conclusion of the church service, the deaf-mutes will proceed to Mayo's Hall and participate in the enjoyments of the festival which will extend through the night. An abundance of substantial refreshments will be provided so that none shall lack. Everything will be done to make this the "star festival" of the season for the deaf and dumb. The night will be passed in innocent and healthful amusements and games, and none, we hope will have occasion to regret being present. A general invitation and hearty welcome are extended to all deaf-mutes, both near and far, and also to their speaking friends.

If you want an easy bed, to sleep well, and to have pleasant dreams, purchase one of A. S. Gibson's new Bed Springs.

Sue's Thanksgiving.

"To-morrow will be Thanksgiving Day," said merry little Sue.
"Mother is making pudding and pies and there's ever so much to do;
Aunt Mary is coming, the darling, and Nell with her baby boy,
And dear old grandpa and brother Tim—O, my, I am wild with joy!
"Last Thanksgiving poor grandma came, but her face was, oh! so white,
And her voice was low and she talked so sad, I cried with all my might;
She said when this Thanksgiving came and we placed the chairs around,
Hers would be empty, and her dear face be under the frozen ground!
"And now it's true, and I know I'll cry when I see poor grandma stand
Alone at the head of the table while he prays with lifted hand;
For grandma used to stand by his side and say such a sweet 'Amen.'
It will seem as if we must all of us wait till we hear her voice again.

"O! that cunning little baby of Nell's, I don't know how to wait
Till I see their carriage come over the hill and stop at the garden gate;
She told in her letters such funny things the little rogue would do!
Don't you think when she asks him who he loves he'll say, 'Just as plain,' 'Aunt Sue'!"

"And Tim has let his whiskers grow, I know he's a perfect fright;
And I know just how he'll tease me, too, from morning until the night;
He'll catch me up in his great, strong arms, and run up stairs and down.
And rub my cheeks, to make them red, with his beard so rough and brown!"

"I know just what Aunt Mary'll say: 'Why, Sue, how does *that* grow!
Does that grow better as these grows tall, I'd very much like to know?'
Dear auntie, she always looks so good, and has such a pleasant smile,
I think they must have Thanksgiving at her house all the while!"

"I must thank the Lord for my parents kind, and all these friends beside,
For grandma and darling grandma, oh! I wish she hadn't died;
But I'll thank Him because I had her once, and I'll ask him not to take
Another angel out of our house, for the dear Christ Jesus' sake.

"I'm glad I'm alive, I'll thank Him for that, and I'm glad I am not blind,
I can see my mother and hear her song; oh! isn't He good and kind;
I mean to love Him just all I can, and I'll tell all the girls I know
How thankful all of us ought to be when the great God loves us so.

"I'll stand to-morrow where grandma stood, close by her empty chair,
And grandma will lay his dear old hand so softly on my hair,
While he says such beautiful, beautiful words to our Father in Heaven, and then,
When he bows his head, I'll whisper to God, 'This is Sue's Thanksgiving, amen!'"
Mrs. L. M. Blinn, in Cleveland Leader.

The Lecture Course.

The season being somewhat advanced when the Lecture Committee began their labors, much difficulty was met in securing the desired speakers. A few of those invited had already made engagements elsewhere for the entire season, and others could not come at desirable dates. At length, however, the Committee have succeeded in arranging a programme to be filled by lecturers eminent, popular, and of the very highest order of talent.

The trustees have kindly consented to the use of the Methodist and Presbyterian churches for the purposes of the Course. For this courtesy the Committee return their sincere thanks.

It has been decided to open the Course with Mr. B. F. Taylor, the poet and author, whose brilliant success in other places has drawn merited compliment from all who head him. An easy, graceful writer, he is no less a polished, magnetic speaker. The lecture to be delivered here—"What made Him do it?"—is spoken of by the press as one of his best efforts.

He will speak in the Presbyterian church on the evening of Dec. 2—Thursday of next week.

He will be followed by Dr. J. G. Holland—well known as the editor of *Solander's*—Dec. 20, in the M. E. church.

Gen. Kilpatrick; Dr. I. I. Hayes, the Arctic Explorer; Schuyler Colfax; and the others, whose precise dates are not yet decided, will come during the months of January, February and March.

Real Estate Sales.

J. George Boiguel to Francis Brunnel, land in Mexico, \$8700; Sept., 1875.
Cyrus Graves to Albert N. Graves, land in Palermo, \$3,375; Nov., 1875.
Albert N. Graves, et al., to Cyrus Graves, land in Palermo, \$1,000; Nov., 1875.

Edwin Ames, sen., to S. N. Gustin, lot in Mexico, \$75; Oct., 1875.
Henry Farman, et al., to Duane Whitney, land in New Haven, \$100; Oct., 1875.

Joseph DeLarme to James M. Himes, land in Orwell, \$2,000; May, 1875.
Danforth C. Bragdon to Alanson M. Himes, land in Orwell, \$1; Aug., 1875.
Danforth C. Bragdon to Alanson M. Himes, land in Albion, \$900; Aug., 1875.

Ezra Olin, et al., to Nancy J. Blakeslee, land in Albion, \$200; Sept., 1875.
Silas O. Wilmarth to Chandler Snow, land in New Haven, \$1,350; Nov., 1875.
Elbert J. Roosevelt to Joshua Wellwood, land in Palermo, \$250; Nov., 1875.

If you have mirrors that need repairing, take them to A. S. Gibson's store, where they will be repaired in a way that cannot fail to give satisfaction, and at moderate charges.

Teachers' State Certificates.

The superintendent of public instruction has issued a circular to school commissioners and city superintendents of schools of which the following is a copy:

At the last session of the Legislature the law in relation to the granting of State certificates was altered, and it was provided that thereafter such certificates should be granted only upon examination. The amended law further provides that the superintendent of public instruction shall determine the manner in which such examinations shall be conducted, appoint the times and places for holding them, and designate competent persons to conduct the same. In pursuance of these provisions of law, I have ordered that an examination of applicants for State certificates be held at the Senate chamber in the city of Albany, commencing on Thursday, the 16th day of December, 1875, at 3 o'clock P. M. The examination will be conducted by the following named gentlemen: Prof. John E. Bradley, principal of the Albany High School, Prof. Merrill E. Gates, principal of the Albany Academy; Prof. A. N. Husted, State Normal School. The results of the examination will be reported to me, and such of the candidates as have given satisfactory evidence of their learning, ability and good character will receive certificates qualifying them to teach in any of the public schools of the State without further examination.

Candidates must be present at the beginning of the examination, produce testimonials of character, and must have had at least three years' experience as teachers. They must pass a thorough examination in the following named branches: Reading, spelling, writing, grammar and analysis, geography, outlines of American history, arithmetic, elementary algebra, plain geometry, and composition. They will also be expected to have a general knowledge of book-keeping, rhetoric, the natural sciences, linear and perspective drawing, general history, general literature, methods, school economy, civil government and school law. The examination will be open to candidates residing in any part of the State, but for the better accommodation of teachers living remote from Albany, examinations will also be held hereafter at other points in the State. You will please notify such teachers under jurisdiction as you may think would like to apply for State certificates, of the time and place of the first examination; and I will thank you to send or cause the candidates to send to me, as early as the 10th of December, the names of those who intend to be present.

Your obedient servant,

NEIL GILMOUR, Superintendent.

"In place of geometry, candidates may offer themselves, if they choose, for examination in Latin, as far as three books of Cæsar.

Jurors Drawn.

The following jurors were drawn: on Thursday for the County Court and Sessions to be held in Oswego, December 6

GRAND JURORS.

Thomas R. Wright, Thomas Somers, James Gilhooley, John Vedder, William W. Palmer, Granby; Otis A. Trip, Isaac H. Peckham, Sands D. Gardner, Edward C. Hannum, Hannibal; Elton Hewitt, Thomas H. Austin, Addison B. Tuller, New Haven; Orlin Smith, Loren Worden, Oswego Town; Ebenezer S. Walbridge, John Cussick, Albert Barstow, Jeremiah Shean, Levi W. Perham, Oswego City; Horace Plaisted, Felix Lansing, William Aylesworth, Palermo; James Sears, Scriba; Harlow C. Leroy, Volney.

PETIT JURORS.

David Ames, Livingston Sanders, Francis Hawkins, Hannibal; Nicholas Gardner, George Pulton, Francis Brady, Orris H. May, Henry Kelsey, Manville Keeler, New Haven; Robert Scott (builder), Jas. Lake, Thomas H. Butler, John Clancy, Thomas L. Hadlow, Valentine Sayles, John Ould, Duncan McRae, Thomas Moore, Jr., John R. Pierce, Thomas Walker, Oswego City; Henry DeForest, Milton S. Coe, James H. Prosser, Oswego Town; Grove G. Olmstead, George Mace, Benjamin F. Parsons, Palermo; P. N. Brown, Edward Foster, Jarius Lamb, Warren Simpson, Albert McChesney, Scriba; Joseph Fish, William E. Sparrow, Harvey H. Smith, Stephen V. Griffin, Schroppel; John D. McCulloch, Volney.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK—for December is brimful of good things. Godey improves with every added year, and is emphatically the best lady's monthly published. As if that is not enough of itself to recommend it to the consideration of the ladies, every subscriber paying in advance for the coming year receives a chromo, "The Morning Call," which is a very acceptable present. In size it is 13 by 17 inches.

List of Letters

Remaining in Mexico Post Office, unclaimed, Nov. 23d, 1875:
Mrs. Henry Fargoy, John A. Lawrence, W. E. Mason, Jennie Northrup, Frank Odin, Jessie Rudlow, Mrs. Pharisna Scott, Miss Mary Sealey, Jobe Searls, Miss Jennie Smith, William A. White, Mrs. A. A. Walker.

Persons calling for the above letters will please state that they were advertised, and give the date.

I. F. ALFRED, P. M.

Remember the place to find anything in the Grocery line is at H. Ballard's, Empire Block. He has some of the finest Sweet Potatoes ever in market. See a sample in his show window. Also Lemons, Figs, Cranberries, Canned Fruit, &c.

If you want a handsome mirror, without paying a big price for it, call at A. S. Gibson's Furniture store. He has a fine assortment.

DEATH OF VICE-PRESIDENT WILSON.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 22.—The Vice-President died suddenly at 7.30 this morning. He rested well last night, awoke at 7 A. M., and expressed himself as feeling bright and better, sat up in bed to take his medicine, lay down on his left side, and expired in a few moments without a struggle.

PRESIDENT GRANT'S OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT OF VICE-PRESIDENT WILSON'S DEATH.

The following order announcing the death of Vice-President Wilson was issued by the President Monday afternoon: EXECUTIVE MANSION,

WASHINGTON, Nov. 22, 1875.

It is with profound sorrow that the President has to announce to the people of the United States the death of Vice-President Henry Wilson, who died in the capital of the nation this morning. The eminent station of the deceased, his high character, his long career in the service of his State and of the Union, his devotion to the cause of freedom, and the ability which he brought to the discharge of every duty, stand conspicuous, and are indelibly impressed on the hearts and affections of American people. In testimony of respect for this distinguished citizen, and faithful public servant, the various departments of the Government will be closed on the day of the funeral and the Executive Mansion and all the Executive Departments in Washington will be draped with badges of mourning for thirty days.

The Secretaries of the war and of the Navy will issue orders that appropriate military and naval honors, be rendered to the memory of one whose virtues and services will long be borne in recollection by a grateful nation.

(Signed) U. S. GRANT, By the President, Hamilton Fish, Secretary of State.

UNIVERSAL SORROW.

Dispatches are received at Washington from all parts of the country, some freighted with regrets, and official expression of sympathy and respect is prompt and universal.

His funeral takes place to-day (Wednesday).

News of the Week.

The majority for the ratification of the new Alabama Constitution will be between 50,000 and 60,000.

A passenger train on the Charlotte, Columbia & Augusta railroad, on Wednesday night, was run into by a train following it, and the ladies' car and smoking telescoped and both thrown from the track. A number of passengers were injured, and one child killed.

A conspiracy to seize the arsenal and burn the town of Rangoon, Burmah, has been discovered by the authorities.

Brigham Young, who has been under arrest for some time on a charge of contempt of court, has been discharged by Chief Justice White.

The Spanish minister yesterday was officially advised from Madrid that his government has concluded that in the future American citizens on trial before court martial in Cuba shall have the privilege of selecting counsel for defense.

The new Masonic Temple at Norfolk, Va., was dedicated Thursday.

Subscriptions to the printer's Greeley statue falling short of the amount needed, the money will be returned to subscribers and the project abandoned.
John Laurent, a resident of Pike county, Pa., has organized a colony of natives of Alsace and Lorraine, which he expects to locate in that county. He starts for Europe in December, and will return with his colony early in the spring.

Orders have been transmitted from the Navy Department to the commanders at the Philadelphia navy yard to hurry along the completion and equipment of the new sloop-of-war lying in the Delaware, and to put a number of monitors in readiness for service.

John Clark, who shot and killed a policeman named Trevor, at Rochester last July, was hanged in that city on Friday.

The recent note from the United States to the Spanish Government has been considered in a Cabinet council and a full settlement promised.

A severe storm on the eastern coast of England has resulted in a number of wrecks and great loss of life. Conflicting reports are current in regard to the precise extent of the damage.

Governor Tilden has restored the following persons to citizenship: John Graves, of Chemung county; Alpha Albert, of Schoharie county, and William A. Rafferty, of New York.

Ten employees of the New York Central railroad have been arrested at North Buffalo, charged with stealing freight. A large quantity of stolen property has been recovered.

Forney's Sunday Chronicle has again come out for Grant for a third term.

Moody and Sankey began their work in Philadelphia Sunday.

Mr. Neeplum, the Irish revivalist, conducted the revival services, in Brooklyn, Sunday.

Secret orders have been issued from Washington to the Superintendents of the Brooklyn and Philadelphia Navy-Yards for putting vessels into commission.

Senator O. S. Ferry died at his residence in Norwalk, Conn., Sunday.

The Pacific Mail Company has brought a suit for \$300,000 against ex-Congressman John G. Schumaker, of Brooklyn, for subsidy bribe money paid him by Richard B. Irwin.

General Sherman, in his annual report, says there are 1,540 officers and 24,021 enlisted men.

Montreal Catholics now assert that Guibord's grave was not dug the depth required by law;

